

were consumed by their own zeal. Plots were laid for his downfall. The Pope tried to bribe him to silence with a cardinal's hat, but he scorned the offer. "No hat will I have but that of martyr reddened with my own blood." Oh fated man, blessed with the accursed gift of prophesy! Thou hast spoken thine own doom.

He was now in mortal combat with the church and for two long years all Italy watched the struggle between the humble monk and the Holy See. The result was inevitable. The fate of Arnold of Brescia, of Rienzi at Rome was to be the fate of Savonarola at Florence.

The people wearied of the monastic severities imposed upon them, incited to rebellion by envious princes, and threatened with an interdict by the pope, uprose in the year 1498 and attacked the cloister. Savonarola was taken prisoner tortured on the rack and finally on the 23rd of May, 1498, was hanged, with two of his disciples, as a heretic and a deceiver. Thus perished Girolamo Savonarola the patriot, priest, prophet, and statesman of Florence—a martyr at the hands of the church, for the causes to which his life had been dedicated.

GEORGE J. YUNDT, '99.



A CHRISTMAS ROMANCE.

IT was at Warwick Castle, at Christmas-tide, when I received her letter. All day long in company with other tourists, I had been wandering through the grand old halls of the Castle, listening to the droning voice of the guide as he recited the deeds of valor and glory achieved by the great King Arthur and his illustrious knights, and as we stood in the groined and vaulted hall I imagined I could hear the echo of the dainty applause from the gallery where his Queen with the ladies of the Court, sat and listened with breathless interest to the tales of Sir Lancelot and his brother knights.